The Upper Room.

In my house of life is an Upper Room,

A small and garnished place; And there I dreamed in the mistgay gloom,

And I looked my soul in the face. (O Upper Room with your dreams where I

Let my friends, unwept, go passing by!)

Once Love tried the door, and a child's voice came-

I heard it through my prayers-But the door was barred when they called my name,

And the steps went down the stairs. (And yesterday at the door I found A toy and a rose trampled on the ground:)

And my prayers were heard, for with toil my house

Has grown, though empty, great; And from my Upper Room I see Crowds gather around my gate.

(From my Upper room with its dreams where I Let the loveless years go passing

I have fought my fight. Hush! they

by.)

bring the prize-I have run; I have won the race! But I sit and I dare not lift my eyes

To look my soul in the face; (For yesterday at the door I found A toy and a rose trampled on the

ground.) -Mary Roberts Rinehart, in "Suc cess Magazine."

# Down By The Brook

**《雪溪南滨南滨南滨南滨南滨南滨南滨南滨南流南流** 

## By Susan Perry Peckham

Bob said at the breakfast table,-"Now, you know, daddy, I must be almost five years old, for I've been four and a half such a long time; and Dorotny must be nearly seven, and-I want to ask you something, daddy."

"Well, why don't you ask?" said his father, paying attention.

"It's so important. I thought about it in bed till I was quite tired just thinking."

"For pity's sake!" said his father. "You can get tired thinking," said Bob, "can't you?"

"Yes," said his father. "What was 20 8 2 1 Bu

it all about?"

"I want to know, daddy, I want to know if you don't think you could let Dorothy and me go down to play by the brook. We're getting big, you see, and it's Saturday morning; and we wouldn't go near that deep place below the little island. We wouldn't go down as far as the island, would we, Doffle?" And Dorothy said, "No, daddy." So Bob asked,-

"Do you think you could let us begin playing by the brook, and see

if we would be careful?"

"No," said Mr. Mason. But both children looked at him without makng any fuss, because they weren't quite sure-there might be a joke in their father's mind. They waited some time; then Bob said,-

"Couldn't you try us once, even?" "No," said his father. "But"-Dorothy and Bob sat straight up and opened their eyes wide-"I'll tell you. If your mother would go with us, and if she would give us some luncheon for the picnic, I would come home before lunch time today, and the whole family would go down to that

"Whoo-oop!" shouted Bob, "Hi! I never thought you'd do that!"

"Can't always tell," said his father.

"It's a grand morning," said Mrs. Mason. "I think that will be lovely." And Dorothy bounced up and ing you'd let us come to the brook, down on her toes and grabbed her I never thought about such a good father tight around his neck. He stood up and lifted her so high from the floor that she didn't dare to let herself drop. Then he said that he must be off, and kissed them goodbye, but called back, "I'll be here by twelve, sharp."

So when he came he found Dorothy and Bob waiting on the steps and their mother ready, too, and Peggie, too. Peggie was Mrs. Mason's Boston terrier. She was the only one of the party that had no lunch-basket to carry,-too little sheep port "The Deserted Village." In one was, and too lively. Everybody in the family loved Peggie, and she loved them.

Mr. Mason had two baskets. Bob and Dorothy carried some of their favorite things to dig with and play with.

"Fall into line!" said Mr. Mason. So they started. Peggie didn't fall into line very well. Round the house they went and on past the stable, then down hill through thick grass with big clovers and with hundreds of grasshoppers; then over a fence and through a rough potato patch and a field where there wasn't much besides pumpkins scattered around and two men putting them into a cart. By the lowest part of that field ran the brook,-the jolliest brook!-lively, making a good deal of noise around stones, and bubbling and shining-you might have thought it was very glad to see the family.

"I never saw such a good brook as this one!" screamed Bob.

"No more did I, Bob," said his father. There were big stones and little, and bushes with red berries; and there was every kind of pretty ferns and things, it seemed, growing along the banks and even in the middle, and so many stepping stones that you could walk on them right across the brook in some places. And the sunshine was so bright!

The mother and father sat down Then they all four for awhile. spread out the luncheon; and Mr. Mason and Bob made a small campfire on a rock and heated things. They took some time over the luncheon; but Bob was planning a bridge in his mind, a bridge from the shore to a large stone in the brook. He told Dorothy about it, and she said she would help. And she did. They had splendid fun working hard on the bridge. And what do you think! Just as they were going to call their mother and father to see it, Peggie came tearing back from a chase after a squirrel, and she dashed into the water and right against their bridge so hard that she knocked it almost to pieces.

Bob and Dorothy were so disappointed that they couldn't say a word: they felt as if they should cry. It was pretty bad of Peggie, but of course she didn't know any better.

Anyway, just then Mr. Mason came along and said: "I have a scheme. Let's make a double bridge, one part to go from this short to the little island down there and the other part from the island across to the other shore, over those very fast rapids."

How they did work! Of course, you can build a much finer bridge if you have a big man to work with you. And Dorothy had some little dolls-three-with her. She often carried them in her pocket. When they finished the first part of the bridge, she put two dolls on it, walking over. So, when they had made the second part, on that she put the other doll coming across toward its friends. They looked pretty and funny.

Dorothy sat down on a rock near to the double bridge and the dolls. "I never thought," she said, "that we could possibly build a better bridge than the one Peggie knocked to pieces."

"Can't always tell," said her father. "Can't always tell, can't always tell, can't always tell, Peggle," sang Bob,

jumping around with Peggie. When I was thinking in bed, daddy, wishtime as this-course not. We never do have such a time when only Dorothy and I, or other children, are together. This is a dandy picnic, isn't it, Peggie?" And it was so the whole afternoon, right up to sunset even.-Christian Register.

#### Newport a Deserted Village.

Many of the women who pine for a return of the lively days of a few years ago have begun to call Newsense there is reason to use the phrase. Things are not as lively as in days when Harry Lehr capered for the wealthy few and also for the multitude. Mrs. Fish has gone. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has gone. Mrs Herman Oelrichs and gone and Mrs. Ogden Goelet entertains only occasionally. The life has been taken out of Newport because there are no recognized leaders to take the place of these brainy women. Mrs. Astor no longer holds sway, and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont will not be seen there for another twelve months at least. Even marital troubles have taken away Mrs. Elsle French Vanderbilt for the summer, and few of the "old guard" are left. Of course, all the social climbers are therethey increase steadily with each year, and it may be that Mrs. Fish is right when she avows the social climber has been the ruin of Newport,

#### Penalizing Night Buyers.

By a special order of the ministry of the interior persens who ring the night bell at the drug store between 10 o'clock at night and 6 o'clock in the morning will have to pay a tax of 10 cents, in addition to the cost of the medicine or other articles they wish to obtain. The object of the order is not to increase the chemists' receipts, nor to burden the public with any new taxes, but merely to induce the public to get medicines and drugs during the hours the s'tops are open-that is, from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.

In urgent cares the tax will not be charged, the physician marking the prescription E. N. (Expeditis nocturna). The chemists have agreed to allow the assistants on night duty to keep the moneys received from the new tax as some reimbursement for their extra labor .- Vienna correspondent in Pall Mall Gazette.

#### Health and Cowardice.

I had a young friend once who won the Victoria Cross. We'l, he was the most absolute (apparent) coward as a child and boy that I ever knew, and yet I am sure it was all due to his physical condition.

I had the greatest trouble to convince his honest martinet of a father that it was simply a matter of health. But I had my way at last, and the boy was practically taught as I advised for five years. He came right out of the shadow, chose the army, to the consternation of his father, and eventually won the cross. There are plenty of physically misunderstood cowards in this world who are not cowards at all .- Fry's Magazine.

Heard From His Note in a Bottle. While on his way to Germany about a year ago Edward Reese wrote his name and address on a card, which he placed in a bottle, and after carefully sealing threw the bottle into the ocean about midway between the two continents.

A day or two ago he received a letter from Theodore Schultz, dated at Brookings, S. D., in which Schultz informed him that he was the finder of the bottle. Schultz before coming to America resided on the coast of Denmark, and one day while strolling along the coast of that country discovered and took possession of the bottle, which had floated ashore from midocean .- Platt correspondence Minneapolis Journal.

PROFESSIONAL

CALHOUN & CALHOUM,

Attorneys at Laws

National Bank Building, Palatka, Fla.

JOHN E. MARSHALL,

Attorney At Law,

Front Street, Palatka, Fla. Orange groves for sale.

DR. W. H. ROSENBERG

Office ever the Kennerly.

MENRY STRUNZ

Attorney at Law,

PALATKA, FLA. Front Street, National Bank Bullding.

> DR. H. R. ESTES, DENTIST.

PALATKA,

FLORIDA.

Moragne Buildings, Rooms 3 and 4

E. E. HASKELL,

Attorney at Law,

PALATKA, FLA.

DR. W. H. CYRUS,

Physician and Surgeon,

PALATKA, FLA.

M. I .COXE,

Attorney at Law,

Office in Court House, Palatka, Fia

Merryday & Walton,

COUNSELLORS AND ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

PALATKA, FLORIDA.

Front St. Palatka Nat. Bank Bldg.

## J. N. BLACKWELL,

Attorney-at-Law.

Office Front Street, Opposite Putnam House, .

PALATKA . . . FLORIDA

Raw Fur. Hides, Wool, Tallow, Beeswax, Beef, Hides, Goatskins.

Ship the above to:-

### M. Sabel & Sons,

Established in

1856. LOUISVILLE, KY. "Over half a Century in Louisville." WE ARE DEALERS IN ABOVE, not commission merchants. Reference: Any bank in Louisville.

Write for weekly price list.

#### MISS KATE L. LUCAS, PALATKA, FLA.

Millinery, ladies' furnishings, no tions and dress goods. A full line of ladies' summer underwear and hosiery, white lawn shirt waists, wight weight wall skirts, white line and pique skirts laces and embro long and short silk gloves, collars, belts, etc.

An experienced trimmer and signer employed and satisfaction anteed.

News Frem a Seat of Lear Sister ann-Did you get a at school ter-day, Bill? Bill-Yus; but they're

don't show .- The Skett